

# 2Pac, Hennessy (remix)

featuring Obie Trice

{Obie Trice}  
Ha ha, yeah

{Tupac}  
Nigga fuck that Gin and Juice (Hennessy)

Just Pour a nigga a glass

Hennessy, that dark shit (That's right)

{Obie Trice}  
Hey pour me some of that too baby

(Chorus: Tupac/Obie Trice)  
They wanna know who's my role model  
It's in the brown bottle (Yo what's our motherfucking motto nigga?)  
Hennessy

They wanna know who's my role model  
It's in the brown bottle (You know our motherfucking motto)  
Hennessy

{Tupac}  
Ha ha ha ha, Y'all niggaz can't fuck with this whole thug shit (Hennessy)

{Obie Trice}  
That's what your sippin on  
Now what's you name nigga?

{Tupac}  
Big ballin ass nigga named Pac

(Verse 1: Tupac)  
Now I was born in the gutter facing life or death  
I was a thug ever since my momma gave me breath  
These motherfuckaz wanna see me die  
So who am I to try to warn em, I'll buck and bomb em, them niggas fry  
Hey remember me? Down that Hennessy  
The nigga you don't wanna see, let me proceed  
My definition of some thug shit, y'all don't hear me?  
Now that it's poppin aint no love bitch  
I maintain in the game, in the gutter is where I still kick it  
I'm tryin to hustle up a meal ticket  
I'm still wicked in my ways, a hustler till my dying days  
Aint nothin wrong with gettin paid  
So nigga blaze, cuz we some motherfuckin fools  
Walkin through the streets wearing jewels  
Breakin niggaz, fakin moves  
Even the cops can't stop us  
My enemies flip when the see me drink a fifth of that Hennessy

(Chorus: Tupac/Obie Trice)  
They wanna know who's my role model  
It's in the brown bottle (Yo what's our motherfucking motto nigga?)  
Hennessy

They wanna know who's my role model  
It's in the brown bottle (You know our motherfucking motto)  
Hennessy

{Tupac}  
Ha ha ha, Y'all niggaz can't fuck with this whole thug shit (Hennessy)

{Obie Trice}  
That's what I'm sippin on  
Now let me tell em who I be

{Tupac}  
Big ballin ass nigga named Trice

(Verse 2: Obie Trice)  
Now I was born in Detroit on the side that's west  
Troubled child, commin up I had to ride I guess  
Tried to apply myself, but niggas was ballin  
My momma couldn't tell me shit, the streets was callin  
I was often involved with niggaz breakin the law  
I look back Pac nigga, we was bankin off raw  
P Funk, got it pumpin, he had the connects  
Through the sack to us little niggaz workin the set  
And if you got it you getting wet, nigga bet on that  
Don't come around hurr on that floss shit  
Detroit niggaz off shit  
(Robbin niggaz in the door ways) That's right  
(With my 4-4, that's the sure way)  
And this your old days, all eyez on me  
We was loony I suppose you could (die homie)  
O Trice always repped his block